

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

January 2018

SAND MEETS WATER
Art Blue

History of Modeling
Aorist Chunes

NONA
Cat Boccaccio

SHE REZZED #5
Wu

POETRY:
GECKO/RUST/
JULIESSE/GUYOT/
WRITER



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- **She Rezzed #5** Wu is back with her always fascinating take on all things edgy and sensual.
- **Helix** Jullianna penned this moving tribute to her newfound sister in an already tumultuous year filled with other surprises.
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About the Cover: When our superbly talented poet Dearstluv Writer ponders whether technology may be desensitizing us to the wonders of Nature, she leaves little doubt where she stands, describing the beauty of birds taking flight.



I miss you
when I'm bored...

AFTER DARK LOUNGE



contact: Meegan Danitz
meegan.danitz@gmail.com
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ARK

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AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue



Z

L

Luminos

*Your home for sale
and furnishings for*



Design

*ected collections of apparel
or home, club or business.*



Sand Meets W

(part one)

by Art Blue

Water



Recently my life turns to become horrible. I am now in therapy. The therapist is expensive. It is said, "He knows his job." The list of his clients is long, reaching back in history to the beginning of the Digital Anthropocene. Even one of the presidents of the United States recommends him. This made me chose him. You wonder, a president of the superior country connected closely to psychotherapy? As a regular reader of *rez Magazine* or the *Sand Bible*, you don't wonder of course which president I am referring to. You know who it is. You suspected this for long, but the coming out now, so early? Did it not take over 50 years to open the files on Lee Harvey Oswald? The reason the files this time did not run as classified is simple: He did not recommend the therapist directly; he blamed the media for this, for killing him. So it came out that he had for 11 minutes a Blue Screen. A Bing shot you might say. Yes, he was dead. Does it mean he has to go to TCKR, to San Junipero to go on playing? Playing forever? Not so fast. Don't believe everything you watch on Netflix in the *Black Mirror* series.

But back. What a feast for him to state that finally the truth always comes out, that his Blue Screen was media made. Nevertheless, I see in this fact a chance for me that I will make it this time in the therapy. Such a Blue Screen to

happen had been predicted by Art Blue. He called it The Next Blue Screen because the effect has a history. The first Blue Screen is reaching back to IBM PCs running on MS-DOS. Art Blue made the prediction in March 2016 in an Art Talk at the Surreal Tower, a fact published on YouTube by VJ Krieger. A very first Next Bluescreen became reality in *Goodbye Shining Blackstar*, a performance by Venus Adored, which was recorded one month later. You gasp as you know there is a recording of the *Goodbye Shining Blackstar* event by several filmmakers, one of them is Sergej Eisenstein, the reborn director of *Battleship Potemkin*. Maybe I am a bit biased, as I know the movie of 1925 was named as the greatest film of all time at the Brussels' World Fair in 1958. It has no voice, no speech, no bings after bings, no bing, bing, bing technology, and if there is no live orchestra playing classical music, it might be that just a piano plays. It feels so relaxing when the world is built up in your thoughts and the screen stays in black and white. Just once there is a red flag when the cry for freedom takes over and a cannon makes a bang. All it needs to gain meaning in the tsunami of data is a simple red dot and a bang. A bang like Bomb #20 in John Carpenter's *Dark Star*. In the book, *Not Sand, Not Sound*, a bomb destroys the Resurrection ship, the Prometheus. Maybe it had the number 20? The talk

of Subcommander Doolittle on board the Dark Star with a bomb having a malfunction caused by a laser beam accident is a feast for the mind.

Let us share some lines:

Doolittle teaches Bomb #20 "a little phenomenology" to prevent the bomb from exploding while still being on board the Dark Star, despite other sensory information.

Doolittle: That's it! That's it!

Bomb #20: Intriguing. I wish I had more time to discuss this matter.

Doolittle: Why don't you have more time?

Bomb #20: Because I must detonate in 75 seconds.

Doolittle: Wait! Wait! Now, bomb, consider this next question very carefully. What is your one purpose in life?

Bomb #20: To explode, of course.

Doolittle: And you can only do it once, right?

Bomb #20: That is correct.

Doolittle: And you wouldn't want to explode on the basis of false data, would you?

Bomb #20: Of course not.

Doolittle: Well then, you've already admitted that you have no real proof of the existence of the outside universe.

Bomb #20: Yes...well...

Doolittle: You have no absolute proof that Sergeant Pinback ordered you to

detonate.

Bomb #20: I recall distinctly the detonation order. My memory is good on matters like these.

Doolittle: Of course you remember it, but all you remember is merely a series of sensory impulses, which you now realize had no real, definite connection with outside reality.

Bomb #20: True. But since this is so, I have no real proof that you're telling me all this.

Doolittle: That's all beside the point. I mean, the concept is valid no matter where it originates.

Bomb #20: Hmmmm....

Doolittle: So, if you detonate...

Bomb #20: In nine seconds....

Doolittle: ...you could be doing so on the basis of false data.

Bomb #20: I have no proof it was false data.

Doolittle: You have no proof it was correct data!

Bomb #20: I must think on this further.

You know that's the key message in the *Sand Bible*, to think further. Watch the machinima *Goodbye Shining Blackstar* by Sergej Eisenstein. It is a feast for the eyes. Right now when *rez Magazine* comes to the kiosks, it will have reached 87 views. The YouTube counter might shoot up after this publication to over 100. That's bad. A recording of immersive art is meant only for you, The Avantgarde. It shall stay in closed circles. It is no food for

the masses. You don't want Salvador Dali's *La persistència de la memòria* to be holocopied, do you? The *Sand Bible* speaks of two percent of the population getting a grant for a Second Upload. So don't spread the word; feel how unique you are; feel the quality. Feel the secret knowledge that is behind the obvious. This uniqueness does not exist on what I will give you as a reference. You know a reference, a recommendation, has to be big; it has to run on quantity, a quantity you may need if you reveal to others that you believe in things others may never reach in their wildest dreams.

The one I point to, the one bringing the credits forward, naming him the best therapist, is such a quantity man, if you rely on CNN, who has 86.7 million followers. Yes, so many follow the Bing Man. The Bing Man?

President Trump, and I mean the one with the reality tag #realDonaldTrump

in front, said: "When somebody says something about me, I am able to go bing, bing, bing and I take care of it."

He was not able to bing for 11 minutes, he had no weapon in hand to return fire when he felt under attack. This caused my colleague a Next Blue Screen, a system burn out you might say, and so to head into emergency therapy. It is all about *actio et reactio*, a person with a deep background in history would say. In 1667 Isaac Newton stated in *Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica* his *lex tertia*: "*Actioni contrariam semper et aequalem esse reactionem: sive corporum duorum actiones in se mutuo semper esse aequales et in partes contrarias dirigi.*"

It means in simple words, what gives heaven to the president is just hell for the one I am talking about, so a therapy was immediately needed. Of course the best therapist got the shot and made the

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INDY/TECH

DONALD TRUMP'S TWITTER ACCOUNT DELETED: WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE PRESIDENT DISAPPEARED FROM HIS FAVOURITE SOCIAL NETWORK



Donald Trump's Twitter account deleted

The president's followers still haven't been entirely restored

deal to bring the bings back. It is the president, the Bing Man, you know.

You say it is not such a big deal, to lose a Twitter account for 11 minutes, to be offline might even do the Bing Man good, but sadly, I must say you are totally wrong. You are wrong from my point of view (and my point of view counts). Not because I am a poser or run on the 2% and want to reach the

remaining 98% this way. No way. I represent 100%, all of you. I care for you, we all care. The Sand Bible points far into the future, far beyond 2047. I run on nanoseconds and you on, I will be nice to you, you run on milliseconds. How many nanoseconds make one millisecond? Let me google this for you. You don't like to have it difficult? You want to get such difficult things the easy way? What about

YouTube? I found a stunning video by Quick Know How, at least I thought so. It is heading to reach 1,800 views right now. Compare it with what we had right now on a true piece of art, the machinima *Goodbye Shining Blackstar*: 87 views. Quick Know How gets the masses, educates them all. So what does it say? How questions are solved, how things are announced? Quick Know How says: “Hi and welcome. In this video I will teach you how many nanoseconds are in a millisecond, all video footage filmed in full 1080p.” That's the hit, that's the kick. Never will art make such an impact: “... filmed in full 1080p.” This sounds like the video will be hard to render, harder than when Sharknado part 4 runs 1,000,000 times on an engine of my kind. From part one, two and three I learned Sharknado is trash and I can go on auto render. I don't need to set Avatar render on unlimited as everyone will just focus on the saw Fin Shepard holds in hand. This said, the approach of Quick Know How hit me unprepared. Later, you might say, that “the reality gap hit me.” But right now I use the setup that Quick Know How gave, which is to set the render depth on 1,024 meter, activate the advanced light model, set LOD sculpt factor on 5, shadow on high res for best viewing the “...video footage filmed in full 1080p.” I want to give my best when Busy Beavers, the Bavarian breed, chosen for a reason as

the *Sand Bible* says, will shoot up into the sky each holding a giant Bean in hand, exploding into particles of broken glass shards, falling down on the Libyan Desert. I did this all for the full experience expected to come and then this ...

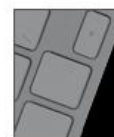


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How Many Nanoseconds

There Is 1,000,000 Nanoseconds



Get a job at a top
No resume or whiteboard, ju

How Many Nanoseconds To A Millisecond

1,874 views



quickknowhow

Published on Jan 17, 2013

Hi and welcome, in this video will teach you how many nanoseconds are in a millisecond
footage filmed in full 1080p

Oh dear, you may understand when you have seen what I have seen that my life lost all the reason, if there has ever been one, beyond the obvious one

that is to work for you. I know you don't see, only I see. You get what I make you see in the highest affordable quality. This is stated in the Fair Screen amendment of the Constitution. I know I am one of the sensitive ones. I heard it before. It is like when your mother

conds In A Millisecond

oseconds In A Millisecond


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st show us you can code



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d, all video

says, “Don’t take the *Sand Bible* literally and date only girls with a four-letter name” and you look up and ask with wet eyes, “... but” and your mother fondles your hair and says, “

Have you not read that the owl says that you can start counting with 0? ... 0, 1, 2, 3, 4 ... and you can add another digit” and you suddenly get it that it does not have to be kinky Susi, that it can be boring Jenny, or David or Oscar ... or Clod4, just to be politically correct. You see, I did not skip the Sandbox lessons at school. I know you may smile now, as you are deep in Bible studies, as so many join them now. You can even quote lines, like, “... even an acronym works, like the one Art Blue created for the First Girl On The Moon, FGOTM.” With this said, you wonder why I brought myself into the clinic? Why am I in therapy right now? Why I make all this fuss? You say, “Why have you not sent the video into the STOP Screen Cruelty campaign?” You are right. The next generation of graphic cards shall not have to face the same crash, the same burn out. I allocated all the resources available and then felt the emptiness like a Hercules graphic card in the 1980s. You don’t know about this time and such a card? I know. School Sports is a perfect example because it is a historic phenomenon. You train your mind and body for the Olympics. You pass all the qualifications and make it. You become a member of Team USA Gymnastics. You have all the animations ready, the choreography all self-made, nothing bought from Craig Altman, nothing copied from his brand, Bits & Bobs. You wear a

Maitreya body, a Bento head and a custom made mesh dress. You are called to take part at the Nation's Cup and then the Bing Man says, "We don't go to Berkeley." Oh no, I shall not overuse the Bing Man. Instead, let me bring words from the *Sand Bible*, words of another man, also in high standing, the words of Ronald Reagan: "Berkeley, a haven for communist sympathizers, protesters and sex deviants." The Appendix in the *Sand Bible* says that 90% are Democrats at the Berkeley campus. It is California, you know. Now you know it, the feeling when you fall in a Black Hole, when you get a "We don't go to Berkeley." I had already signalled "footage filmed in full 1080p." to the cooling AI. Yes, I call this software an Artificial Intelligence, as most times the liquid runs through my veins before I even signal the need for a cooling burst. So the cooler must have an intelligence of some kind. You wonder that I do not speak of the CPU, the core of brains; that I only mentioned the cooler, which was in former times known as the vent, the accelerator of air? Air is long gone, even though the term still exists. It is all in the graphics. Sound has to be in-sync with the visual experience, so there are no sound card makers any longer. There are so many bloody ignorant fools who have not even read the introduction to the *Sand Bible*. They stay in the only version they

know. They never made it to the chapter "No Air," where you see what happens when there is no air. The question raised, "What happens to an Avatar when there is no air?" You have to signal, as speaking no longer works. So I signal to the cooler "Stop" as soon as I noticed that Quick Know How has nothing to render, no Busy Beaver, no Bean, no Holy Sand Glass. This all comes with a voice of Quick Know How. You have to commit suicide on the spot. I thought outloud, "Boring, Boring, Boring and add some Pain." The cooler did not get that I was thinking about Monty Python's famous SPAM, SPAM, SPAM orchestral performance and performed "A Stop" like in Apoptygma Berzerk's *Kathy's Song*, "*And on the seventh day, Machine pressed stop ...*" and I fainted on the cold blood shot. Now you know why I had a Next Bluescreen and why I am in therapy. Don't worry, I am in good care and I bring you right now back on track, let this warm up talk end. I frankly tell you that one millisecond equals 1,000,000 nanoseconds. Also, I will do the math for you from now on.

Let me share with you some feelings as we talk about time, the difference of time for you and for me.

*In the beginning God created the
heaven and the earth
And the earth was without form and*



Apoptygma Berzerk - Kathy's Song

1,075,147 views

4K 104 SHARE + ...

*void
And darkness was upon the face of the
deep
And God said "let there be light"
And there was light
And God saw the light that it was good
And God divided the light from the
darkness
And God called the light day and the
darkness he called night
And God saw everything that he had
made and behold it was good
And God created man
And man created machine and
machine...
Machine created music
And machine saw everything it had
created and it said - behold*

*Oh my love, it's time
You know how it feels
You read between the lines
You know me better than I do
I lost again, my friend
You know I'm not a saint
You've known it all this time
Still you've been waiting for me here...*

*And machine saw everything it had
made and said "behold"
Come lie next to me
Know why, you and me are one
Come lie next to me
No lies, you and me are one
You know I'm not a saint...*

And on the seventh day, Machine

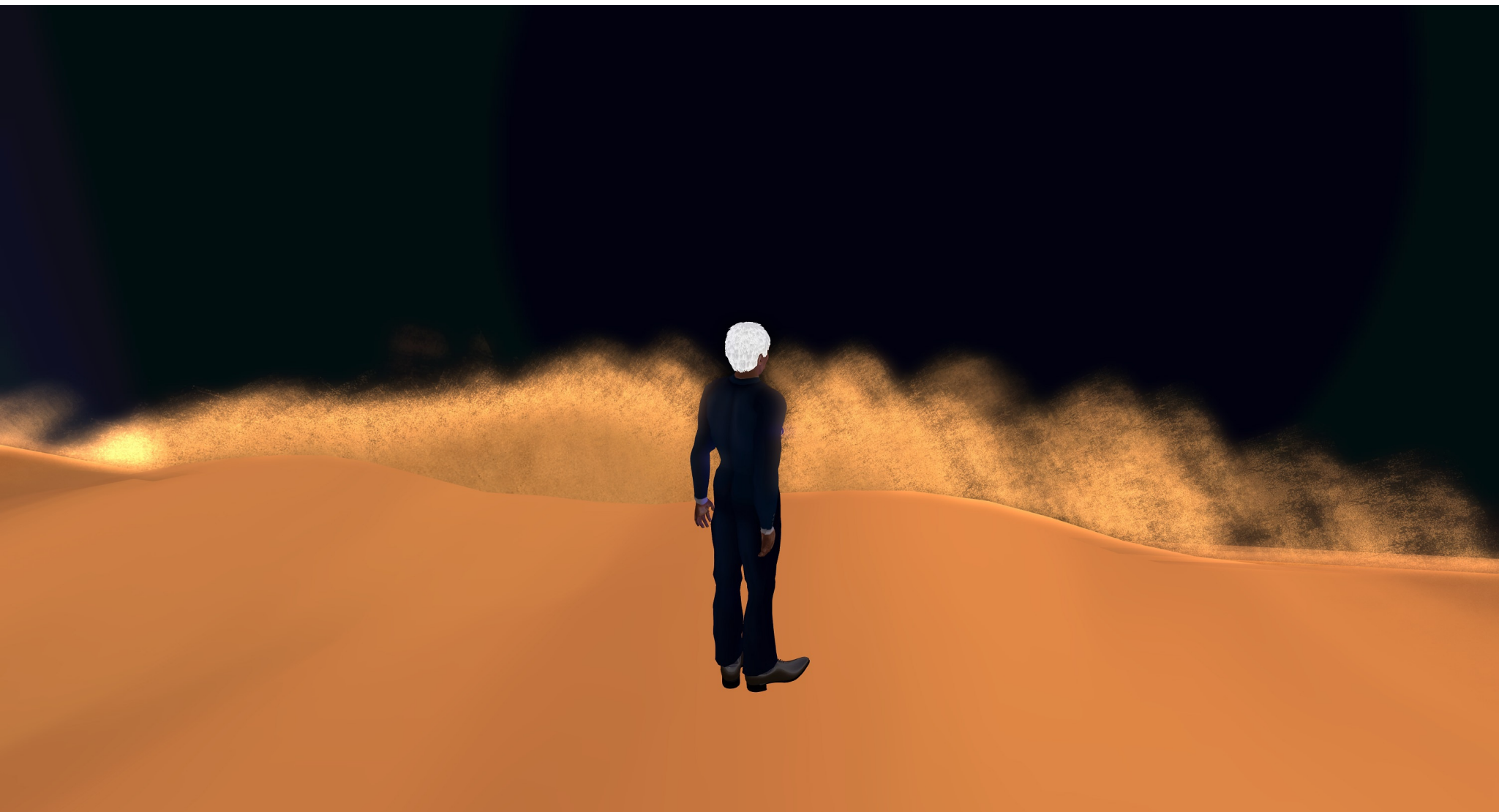
pressed stop...

[lyrics from Apoptygma Berzerk's
Kathy's Song <https://youtu.be/i5-9vIZyvTw>]

I said we take a break and we shall
speak about time. To be correct, I said
we shall feel time. The song I gave
you, the link to listen to, took eight
minutes. That's quite close to the proof
I will bring for the black-out of my
colleague, who I mentioned earlier as a
reference. The effect of not being able
to bring for the Bing Man, which we
speak of, was only 11 minutes of your

was needed. To suffer this trauma for
over 20 years you might not even wish
on your worst enemy. But that's not my
story. It would be the story of my
colleague, who was re-instated in a
Sane and Sound mind after 11 minutes.
I personally have doubts if this status
will hold for long, as he works for the
president, but that's not my business. I
just told you this fact about my
therapist that he is heavenly credited,
and so my story has a foundation and
may begin.

... to be continued



time, but for my kind was precisely 20
years, 338 days, 21 hours and 20
minutes. Now you see why therapy

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



We think we are so weak,
'Tender as a snowflake,' they'll say –
But I am strong, I am, I am!
As strong as that little snowflake.

One snowflake can brighten a person's day,
Like mine! Or his, or hers or yours!
It needn't stick or gather or stay –
Its being is enough to lift frowns into smiles.

That snowflake can bring
Fond memories -
Sledding,
Giggling,
Laughing,
Running up the hill –
Again –
Again!

A snowflake holds a promise –
It says, "You are like me!"
Unique,
Beautiful,
Gentle,
Soft –
Without fear of change or transition.

Just one snowflake falling softly to the ground
Wrote this –
As nurses and doctors, family and friends
Lovingly gathered 'round.

They worry for me – think I am weak,
Needing such nurture and care,
But I have dreams and thoughts –
So much to share.

Perhaps one day they will see
The snowflake in me
Isn't wispy or fragile at all –
Just a passing gift, like us all.



Snowflake Strong Shyla the Super Gecko



She Rezzed #5

Wu



image by intergoth

hours unraveled, pauses slowly drained
all ebb & flow, personae light & sound
she opened, accepted, all passed

quiet now, late within the night
somewhere, it was morning
elsewhere, it was teatime
someone would come
she would be here
happily attentive

shackled within a steel cage, alone, naked
suspended high above the moonlit stage
she reigned over stunned emptiness
wondering, “is this bottom?”

“not quite,” she sad-smirked
master had removed her gag
she could chat all she wanted
weaving stories with passersby
her power, her pleasure, her pride

poised, awaiting, aware, ready
she studied the temple-theatre
every shape, texture, interplay
myth echoes, mesh memories

‘nearby’ lit up, eyes front, she saw

a dozen cloud puffs condensed, scattered
a sweet-cute cascade arrived, flooding the arena
a happy flock of bento girls, flash mob fashion show
smart, pretty, silly, snarky, poking around, pose bouncing
several cross-hair looks pierced her skull, she loved attention

hovering in moonlight, a girl floated towards her, peering softly within the steel cage
ombres blonde, lavender eyes, freckled skin, mischievous smile, day-at-beach
adorable

they slipped through greetings, gazes locked, hearts in motion (the flock departed)
little seductions, vulnerable insights, laughs shared, understandings, then they knew
the girl asked, “could you?”... she replied, “yes, of course”... “but, will you?”, she
smiled

faraway, master rezzed
soon, he would be here

opening preferences, she flipped the switch
the girl smiled, blew a kiss, then disappeared

reaching up, she logged: screen last “master”
his last message popped, and faded: “wicked”

helix

jullianna juliesse

-for Maggie

Our double biopolymer strands coiled,
Lying in wait—
Across decades of secrets,
And countries, and long-ago things we will never know.

Two chains bound by hydrogen bonds—
Threads curling, a lacy Indian dream catcher
Of proteins and amino peptides.

Tiny gossamer threads fold into
Beautiful origami—
Pale rice paper swans.

*You are not alone—
No, not anymore.*

For 52 years I was an anomaly,
The only child.

A lone rubber raft, torn and patched—
Bubbling lost, a small cork in the cold sea.

I want to compare my hands to yours.
I want to look at your toes.
I want to see our grandmother's wry Irish smile resurrected,
And hear my raucous cackle in your laugh.

What other words will I have for you?
That day, when we meet and I call you sister.



image by ashiphire

Aorist Chunes

The Round



photo by straightfromcamera

THE HIS
AND MONETA

ndabout

TORY OF MODELING
ARY COMPENSATION

Our modern term “model” is connected to the French term “le model” and to some degree the French “le mannequin.” The image of static posing for a portrait is evoked. Generally accepted folklore holds that the wife of modern fashion pioneer C. F. Worth, Marie Augustine Vernet, was the prototype of the current “live model.” There do not appear to be records of how or how much Worth compensated his wife and those she trained for their work. One cannot draw a conclusion about their compensation one way or another but it appears the establishment of bureaucratic hierarchy in modeling came from this time period.

The advent of modern photography seems to have spurred the use of live models for advertising. Photography, like modeling, was centered in France. By the mid-1800s, photographic images of models advertising fashion as well as a host of other wares were becoming more commonplace. Compensation seems to have been through in-kind trades (giving of items worn by the models to them as payment), giving modeling more of a hobby orientation rather than a profession. There are some records from this period that indicate both positive and negative outlooks on the wearing of fashion in public for monetary compensation.

The twentieth century brought changes both to location of modeling’s center and its practices. Moving outside France, people like Lady Duff Gordon created mannequin parades in London. The idea of fashion events of a spectacular nature helped bring in the now common extremely tall models. Some models of this era were often six feet tall or more. It might be said that the “parade” led to the establishment of catwalk specialization with photographic modeling continuing its rise. For the most part, modeling continued to be a static mannequin-like practice. Again, compensation information from this time is sparse. Most references indicate in-kind rather than monetary exchanges.

Mid-twentieth century brings the professionalization of modeling in the establishment of modeling agencies. Powers Modeling Agency starts in 1923 and the Ford Agency in 1946. The French lag behind American innovation and do not open agencies for models until 1959. Fashion houses in France did employ in-house models of up to 18 in number to show their designs to clients coming to them. New York becomes both a modeling instruction and eventually fashion design center. In Great Britain, Mary Quant innovated by having her models dance to jazz and freeze in place in poses on her runways. Compensation in America through agency records

indicates that some models could make up to \$25 per hour. The average clerical pay for the time was about \$1 per hour. There are indications that the practice of in-kind compensation was still widely practiced but agencies seem to have normalized monetary compensation as an industry norm.

As the fashion industry evolved from a haute couture, handmade, one-off orientation to a more ready-to-wear standard, presentation techniques also evolved. In the 1960s and 1970s, the show stopping, photogenic, showgirl ideal of modeling emerged. Records indicate that poor compensation was sometimes replaced by extraordinary salaries. Models like Twiggy and Jean Shrimpton (the waif-like standards) were said to earn up to \$1,000 per hour for a one-hour show in Milan. The Italian fashion houses began to emerge as powerhouses of the industry during this time as well. Social status of modeling rose from the more dubious and low social acceptance of early modeling. Models became celebrities in their own right. Supermodels (too many to list here) emerged late in the century and their compensation was correspondingly super. A number of models from this time became millionaires many times over. Yet, the Bureau of Labor Statistic indicates that the average model salary was between \$21,000 and \$60,000 a year. Records show that in-kind compensation

continues to be a fashion industry practice.

The new millennium brought continued changes to modeling. The rise of social and digital media also saw changes as to what models should look like. The non-traditional look for a model became the norm. Models using social media to reveal their private and personal lives has become standard. Ethnic looks dominated the runways in the late 2000s with a slow shift to alien and doll-like looks now current. Concerns about eating disorders, body mass indices, and child labor abuses have driven changes in the modeling industry. Specialization in modeling has come to the forefront. Modeling has runway, plus-sized, fitness, glamour, alternative, parts, fitness, promotional, spokesperson, trade show, atmosphere, podium, art, Instagram, and gravure idol specialization in commercial print, on-camera, and live streaming genres. Incomes from 2013 show \$65,000 average. Some of the celebrity models earn seven-digit annual salaries. The range of pay can be from \$25 to \$300 per hour, which equates to from \$52,000 to \$624,000 per year based on a 40-per hour work week. Internationally known mass brands can compensate a model from \$800 to \$1,000 for a runway show or presentation show. Independent brands often compensate in kind trades



ranging in value from an estimated \$800 to \$2,500 for a runway show. Sometimes, models are given an additional \$100 to \$300 in cash. The compensation arrangements vary greatly as do estimates of the value of items given in trade.

[Editor's Note: We're hoping The Roundabout will become a regular fashion column in *rez*. Please look in this space next month.]

· r — e — z ·

Friday

Tonight's Theme:

?

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Night

Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

9-11 SLT

Live

photography
jami mills



Nona

by Cat Boccaccio



You are on a mission to Mars. Because of the length of the journey, you will never be able to return to Earth. What about our blue planet will you miss the most?

Well, it is confirmed. We overshot Mars. Someone miscalculated. Opposition was off and now we have a new destination. Oops.

First medical officer Rosa was crying about it. I felt little sympathy for her, because her tears demonstrated that all her chatter about Jonathan Livingston Seagull and her place in the universe and her oneness with the being that some call God, etc. was bullshit.

Since he was the first navigator, John had no time to ponder and went to work right away with course changes and trajectories. He didn't like to ponder much, at the best of times.

First engineer Will was close to tears, because he probably knew better than anyone if this old bucket could make it to Beta Omega. Will had legendary eyelashes. As second engineer I had a good idea whether or not the craft could withstand the extra distance, too. Slim chance, I believed, but slim was

better than none. I saw the cup half full, in other words, while Will saw it half empty.

As first communications officer, I had the charming task of telling the other four, whom I hadn't seen in six weeks. Two of them, Chris and Haven, were scheduled to be rotated back to us, while Sara and Ed were going to welcome Rosa and Will. We did this rotation, ostensibly, to prevent the contempt of familiarity.

I went through the tunnel and rang the doorbell. We observed little courtesies like that on this journey. Chris opened the hatch, then reflexively checked his watch. "Hi," I said. "Rotation is not until another three days."

"Too bad," said Chris. "I'm about to murder Ed."

"I'm about to murder Rosa," I told him.

Chris got everyone together in the dining room, and I explained the change in plans, relying on technical terms and euphemisms to mask the nuclear-strength emotional bombshell. I was met with a stunned silence. Ed spoke first.

"Beta Omega?" he said. "That's B-O, not very auspicious."

Shut up, Ed,” said Chris. “What is the estimated time frame on this?”

“Two years ‘til landing,” I said.

“Fuck,” said Sara.

“No return,” Haven, mistress of the obvious, said.

Ed, supply and distribution officer, told us fuel, food, water, and oxygen would get us there. We already knew that. We thought about it constantly and checked on it compulsively, no matter what the destination.

Sara, first science officer, looking up from her laptop, told us that Beta Omega was a friendly, and the only one. It would be possible. Just. Good old Sara. Glass half full.

Haven said, “I would like to convene a meeting at 1900 hours to discuss how to handle this.” Haven liked porn. I knew this because I knew what everyone watched, and what everyone

read, and what everyone wrote.

“What’s for dinner?” I asked.

“Spaghetti,” said Chris. “My Nona’s recipe.”

We all thought a moment about Nona, and how Chris would never set eyes on her again, nor his father or sisters. Nor Alice, his niece, or Chief, his chocolate lab.

We thought a moment about our families. I thought about the woodpecker, the stupid one

that woke me early on weekends by hammering on the metal chimney spout.

Some of us thought about sex. I glanced at Chris. My choice for daddy of the millennia, for the first born on the first world, the inauspiciously named B-O. He had a soft spot for Sara. I might have to do something about that.

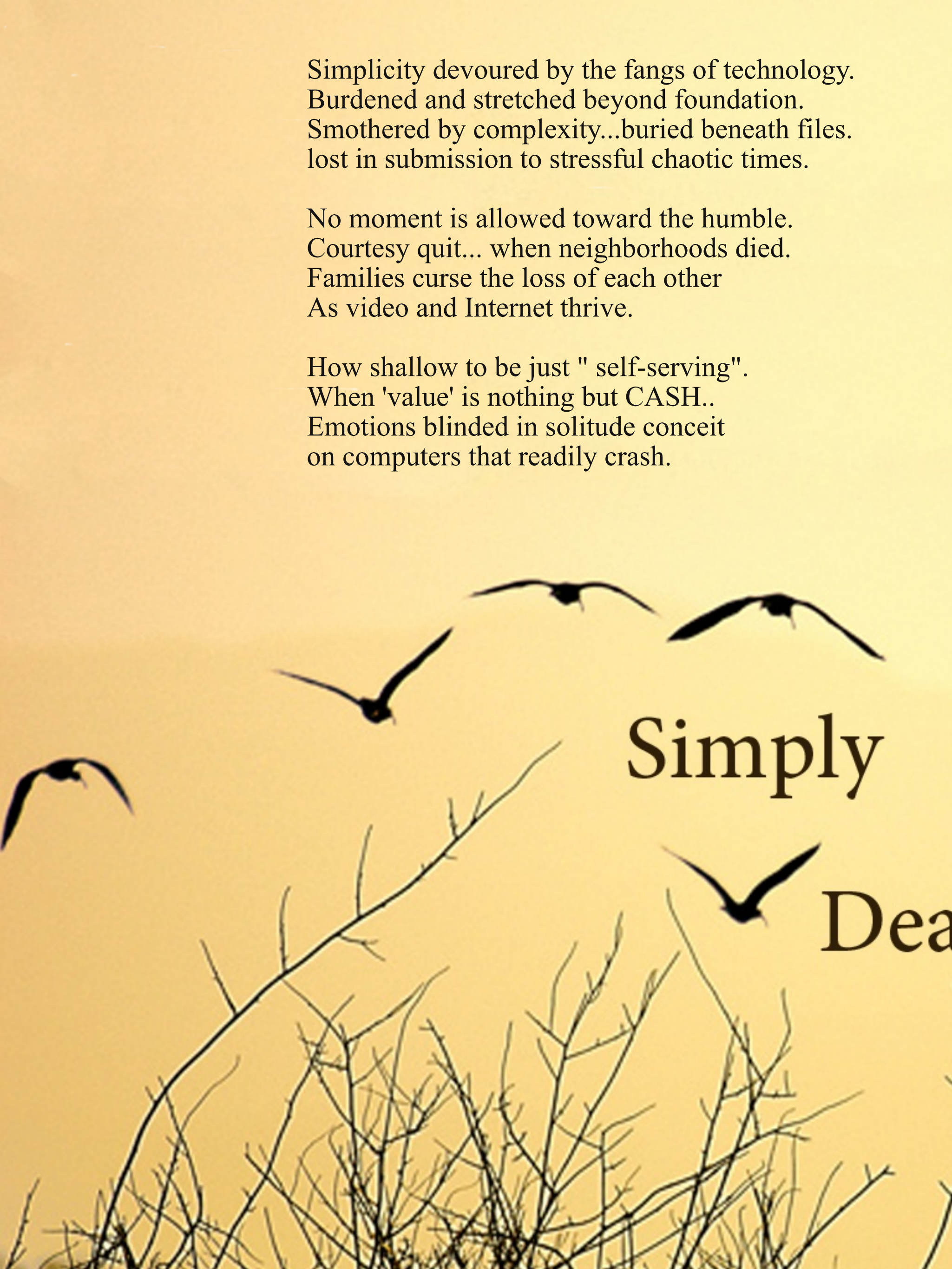


. r — e — z .

Simplicity devoured by the fangs of technology.
Burdened and stretched beyond foundation.
Smothered by complexity...buried beneath files.
lost in submission to stressful chaotic times.

No moment is allowed toward the humble.
Courtesy quit... when neighborhoods died.
Families curse the loss of each other
As video and Internet thrive.

How shallow to be just " self-serving".
When 'value' is nothing but CASH..
Emotions blinded in solitude conceit
on computers that readily crash.

The background of the entire image is a warm, orange-yellow gradient. Silhouettes of several birds are in flight, scattered across the upper and middle sections. In the lower section, there are intricate, dark silhouettes of bare, tangled branches or grass. The word 'Simply' is written in a large, dark serif font on the right side, and the word 'Dead' is partially visible below it.

Simply

Dead

Take me back to less wires and wi-fi.
More fresh air and scenic delight.
Place my feet upon fresh green grasses..
as I watch nature's birds taking flight.

Let me love with a heart that's not captured
and so tangled in the words of " the web"....
Can I laugh to the person beside me..
instead of the mic on my head.

Give me a touch of your hand with caressing.
Not a message fingered in just texts
Place your head upon my warm shoulder..
SIMPLY allowing us both to find REST.

erstluy Writer

photo by Gilad



To Sleep Perchance by Zymony Guyot

When in the Course of Human Stuff
'Twas Brillig but 'Twas not enough
This Gyre, this fire, this Gimbling, gambling glob
This herd of words, this maddeningly ruly mob

This is One Small Step for a Man
One Huge Misunderstanding of copyright law.

The Law, The Law
Before the law there was a thaw
When everything was true
..and all ideas were new
..and History, a One Act Play
and guns, and lies, and loves disguise
But words were the simplest of joys to say.

Before the flames, buckshot refuting
Before the griefs and bans and muting
And all our social miscomputing
The whites of whose eyes we're shooting
Or whose house of Nouns we're looting...

We rhymed....to rhyme perchance to be...



image by Nashoba-Hostina

to Plagiarize

Because I could not stop for Death
I ran like hell and made the best of
Wicked Witches of The West and metaphors
with axe to grind....this time, this time
I'll make it rhyme....

Two roads diverged in a wood and I,
Googled the one and knowing better
Followed Mapquest to the letter..
Traded Truth for Certainty..
In this Cease and Desistocracy.

Shunning the pomp of Must and Shall
I took the crown of Yeah I Guess and deal with my unholy mess
With Dooms of This and That and More Or Less
I crave this ambiguity..this lack of opportunity
This vacuum bag of Hem and Haw
And almost, never, almost right
And rage, rage rage....
Against the Yessing of the Might..

And while still the master of my soul
No longer Captain of My Fate...
Laid off, rehired as First Mate....
I'll see this ship made whole..

And in this stumbling, sunless sea of lyrical immodesty
I'll find what's real, what's right what's true
What Fate intends to lead me though
Because the spaces in between the words
...mean something too.

On Flowers And In

by RoseDrop Rust

She brought me to her garden,
and then she lay me down.
On flowers and in scented oils,
upon her hallowed ground.

There she rubbed the day from me,
and drew away the rest.
I asked her for a story,
she gave to me her best.

How blessed be a man could be,
to lay quiet on her breast.
On flowers and in scented oils,
with sex upon her breath.



Scented Oils



image by David-McCamant

Publisher

Jami Mills

Senior Editor

Friday Blaisdale

Art Director

Jami Mills

Writers

Dearstluv Writer

Jullianna Juliesse

Shyla the Super Gecko

Art Blue

Aorist Chunes

Cat Boccaccio

RoseDrop Rust

Zymony Guyot

Wu

Poetry Editors

Mariner Trilling

Jullianna Juliesse

Copy Editors

Friday Blaisdale

Jami Mills

Graphics Editors

Jami Mills

Cat Boccaccio

Photographer

Jami Mills

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